

care of his own glory. He must not look forward : the manna fell every day." He was greatly comforted ; and next day told my mother he was willing to remain if the glory of God required it.

21st, Evening.—As he lay on his couch in the sitting room, Mr. and Mrs. Pocock, from Kew, called. After speaking appropriately to each other about their personal interests, the Brentford Society, his long connection with it, and his unwilling short-comings as a Leader, he turned to his own sufferings—"If it will but please God to give me more strength to bear these paroxysms of pain?"—My mother reminded him how Mr. Bergne had advised him that afternoon, to live a moment at a time, and what Mrs. G. had said, Christ will take care of his own glory ; he said—"Oh yes!"—and as he spoke his countenance glowed, and his voice trembled with emotion—"God will not let me dishonour him!"—He raised both hands and clasped them over his head,—"He shall be glorified, and I shall be saved, to join the multitude of the redeemed in His presence, though I *am* a vile sinner!"

February 23.—I went to his bedside. He was sleeping. Opening his eyes, he said, "I have been pleased to see my children about me ; and, now that I may not be able to speak much longer, I want to tell them that they are all very dear to me." "I should like in these last moments to say something that will dwell in their minds with comfort. I know some of their trials. Sin has damaged our world ; but by his goodness in Christ, God has opened a way of access to Himself. I have long believed in it for myself, for my wife, for my children. I have felt it. If I am saved it is as a sinner, by the mercy of God in Christ ; and, if I am kept to the end, it will be through the grace of Christ." While I lie here, I often review my past life. I have no merit to trust in. I deeply regret that I've lost so many opportunities of doing good, though, by God's help, I have embraced some. I feel my own unworthiness, and yet I believe He will say, to me, 'Well done, well done!'"

March 3, Sunday.—My father much altered this day or two—increased drowsiness ; very feeble. I went to his side after dinner. He said faintly, "I'm waiting, waiting." "What for, father?" "Waiting till my change come. Flickering, flickering."

To Mr. Barber.—"Two texts are frequently with me,—'Let this cup pass from me ; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done ;' and, 'I besought the Lord thrice,' with Christ's answer, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I want a greater degree of patience."

In the evening of the same day, to my mother,—"I feel death to be a personal matter. Two things are necessary: determined and prompt preparation, and the presence of God with me down to the banks ; for you can, none of you, go over with me ; and every one of you must go through it alone."

6th.—He said,—"What a merciful dispensation it would be if some one were to call to-morrow to enquire after Mr. Farmer,—'he heard that he was going,'—and he were to be answered, 'He's gone.' But it's too good to be true."

Towards evening, spoke of his sins and their aggravations,—"Sins against my father, my children, my friends, the Church, the world." "But," he added in a strong voice, which told of relief and conquest, I roll them all on Jesus,—

'For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side.'"